



*Hampshire College  
presents*



**VOLUME THIRTY SEVEN  
ISSUE TWO**

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## Staff

Sky Reid-Mills

*Tall and quiet is the new armed and dangerous, motherfuckers.*

Fiona Stewart-Taylor

*Eat my skullfucking jizz-piss, dick-bitches!*

Ben Batchelder

*How about some Omen-O's, part of your healthy breakfast?*

Jonathan Gardner

*I'm a little teapot, short and made of pork.*

Rachel Ithen

*What the jizz, yo?*

Ian McEwen

*I'm gonna pop a Lorem Ipsum in your ass.*

Breton Handy

*Kill all the puppies.*

Cover by Rachel Ithens, previous issue Devin Morse (f) Ben Batchelder (b)

## Policy

The Omen is a biweekly publication that is the world's only example of the consistent application of a straightforward policy: **we publish all signed submissions from members of the Hampshire community that are not libelous.** Send us your impassioned yet poorly-thought-out rants, self-insertion fan fiction, MS Paint comics, and whiny emo poetry: we'll publish it all, and we're happy to do it. **The Omen is about giving you a voice, no matter how little you deserve it.** Since its founding in December of 1992 by Stephanie Cole, the Omen has hardly ever missed an issue, making it Hampshire's longest-running publication.

Your Omen submission (you're submitting right now, right?) might not be edited, and we can't promise any spellchecking either; so any horrendous mistakes are your fault, not ours. We do promise not to insert comical spelling mistakes in submissions to make you look foolish. **Your submission must include your real name: an open forum comes with a responsibility to take ownership of your views.** (Note: Views expressed in the Omen do not necessarily reflect the views of the Omen editor, the Omen staff, or anyone, anywhere, living or dead.)

The Omen staff consists of whoever shows up for Omen layout, which usually takes place on alternate Thursday nights in the basement of Merrill on a computer with an honestly pretty adequate monitor; nowadays. You should come. We don't bite. **You can find the Omen on other Thursdays in the Dining Commons, the post office, or on the door of your mod** (if we get to putting it on doors, anyway).



# TO SUBMIT

Submissions are due always, constantly, so submit forever. You can submit in rich text or plain text format by CD, Flash Drive, singing telegram, carrier pigeon, paper airplane, Fed-Ex, Pony Express, or email. Get your submissions to [omen@hampshire.edu](mailto:omen@hampshire.edu) or Ian McEwen, Box 286.

# THE OMEN HAIKU

*views in the Omen  
do not necessarily  
reflect the staff's views*



Hm. Y'know, this hasn't really happened before: I don't totally know what to write an editorial about.

That sucks.

I know! I'll talk about things I've been idly researching lately, and maybe by the end I'll have figured out why anyone cares!

One of my recent projects has been working on acoustically treating my room, both for isolation and for just general good sound. I like good sound.

No, I don't use Monster cables. That shit is stupid. But nice sound is, well, nice. And my housemates play music sometimes, and walk loudly in the hallways, and such things.

Okay, maybe I'm just an OCD weirdo. But plenty of us knew *that* already.

So: acoustic treatment. Isolation is the thing I've been talking about: trying to prevent sound from going from one room or space into another room or space. The most important thing here is air spaces: my room, for example, has a pretty crappy door -- there's a big space above and below the door, and around the sides it doesn't seal. I fixed the second problem, today, with some weatherstripping. (Yes, on an inside door. It's six bucks. Whatever.) I'm not really sure how to fix the larger gaps without, y'know, driving my landlord crazy, but that's the main gist: get rid of air pathways from one room to the other.

The other thing you want, with isolation, is a lot of mass, as well as decoupling. For bass frequencies, especially, basically throwing in a concrete wall is the best you can do. This is unfeasible in most spaces, however. More common is to add some extra layers of drywall. In-between them, to decouple the panels and improve the bass performance (especially), there are several available products. Limp-mass vinyl (basically, vinyl that's been injected with barium and some other heavy shit so it has more mass -- and thus better isolation properties) is one option, which has the additional benefit of not *needing* to sit between layers of drywall. More inexpensive (and, in fact, more effective) is a compound called "Green Glue", which both adheres together the dry-wall sheets and improves things the ways I mentioned.

I haven't done that latter thing with my room here. Once again: landlord would probably not be happy with me modifying his walls. I hear it's possible to add layers non-destructively, though. I still haven't. I'm probably just lazy!

The other thing you can do with a space is improve the sound within the space (not dealing with sounds from outside the space, since that's isolation). This takes two major forms: absorption and deflection. Absorption is, well, absorption: sound goes in, it doesn't come back out (for you sciencey folks, it's typically converted into a tiny amount of heat). This is done, often, with what amount to sheets of super-duper insulation covered in fabric. You've seen these on the walls of auditoriums and things, in all likelihood. The filling is usually something called rockwool -- like fiberglass, it's spun strands of a material, but rockwool is from basalt and other, well, rocks, rather than glass like fiberglass. Acoustic insulation is also usually denser: 2.5 pounds per square foot is, according to some sources, the best price-point for effective absorption; some popular products are in the 3.0-psf range. These are also fairly easy to build, if you've got the materials: put the insulation in a frame (wood back if it's flush-mounted, open if it's in a corner, since that helps bass absorption) and cover it with some fabric (something acoustically transparent -- burlap is popular for this).

Deflection is the other sort; that's what the weird eggcrate foam stuff is for. The idea here is to break up the rectangular pattern of a room so that sound reflects more, and more erratically, thus evening out the overall pattern of the room.

I still need to work on this, for my room -- looking into buying things online, probably will build things at Lemelson.

And, just in time, I've realized why anyone else might care: the Frankie Patts Institute for Rock and Roll Studies.

Yeah, that weird room in FPH where bands supposedly can practice. Truth is, they barely can, because the space is so poorly treated (especially isolation-wise) that everywhere else in FPH can hear anything that happens there.

So, folks: it's pretty cheap, and pretty easy. Get some Ficom money, fix your problem! It'll be great.

*Rambling (on an unrelated topic)*

IAN MCEWEN

# EDITORIAL

# Section: Speak

*John Smith*

Sean Tanner

The wind tamer he was called  
Immortalized in legends  
Painted in colors all could discern  
Such passion inspires men  
They wish their hearts too  
Might so bright burn  
But in the storm  
Their spirits falter  
Ripped aweigh by maelstrom  
That men's mettel could not match.

Lo! They wish to burn bright, but pluck their  
flames with briney hands

When sea spray fumes and spits upon them terrible curses

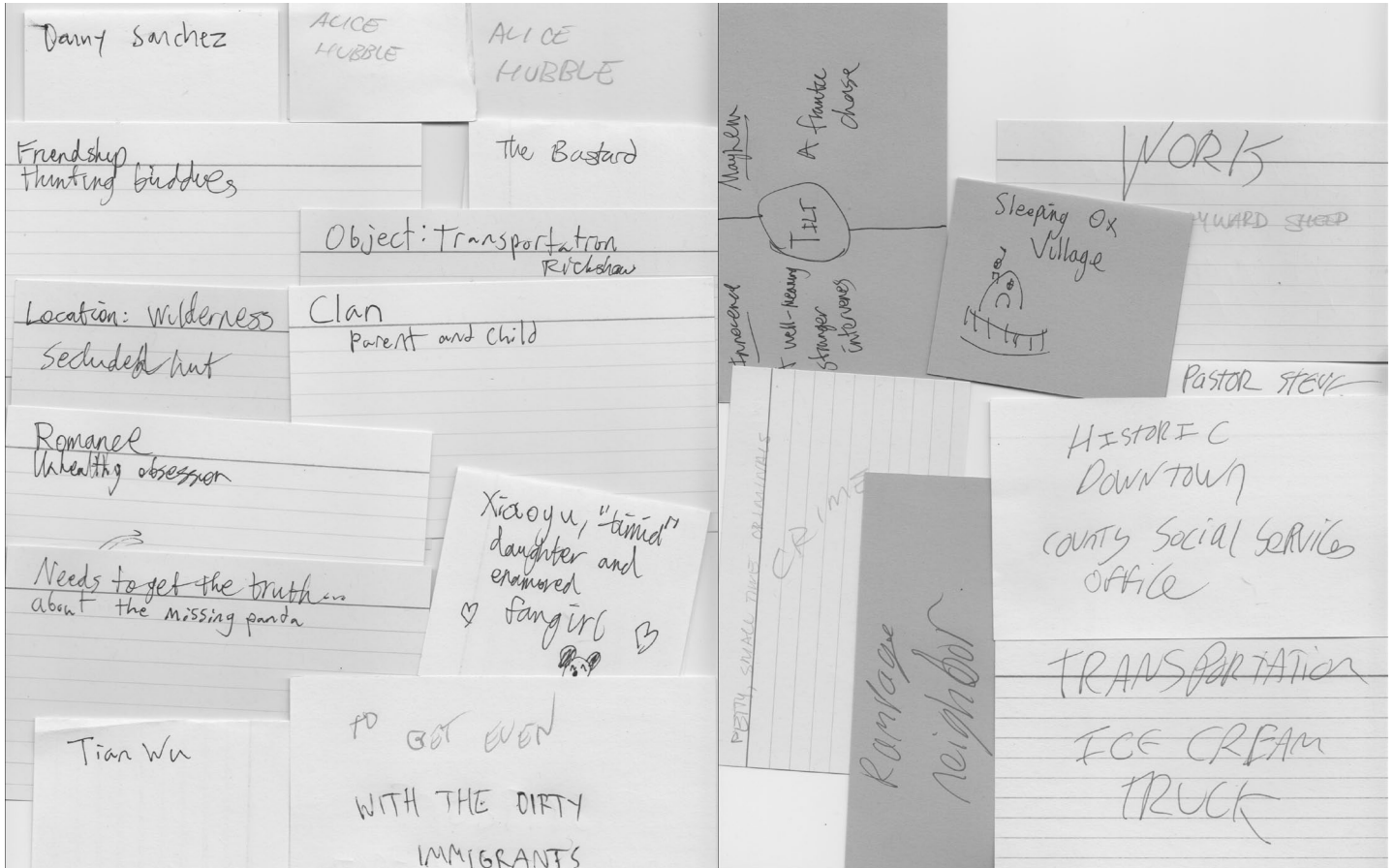
Demand of John Smith what ye will  
Still will he ride the schalter high  
And dive deep into the swirling eye  
From high topped wooden post  
Some men were born  
Some made their way  
From dripping wombs to cleanse  
A wounded earth her wounds  
Some men, called strong  
Might sting with  
Flame soaked salted hands;  
Some could learn to love the wound  
And shed the skin of man



Francie Kodosh

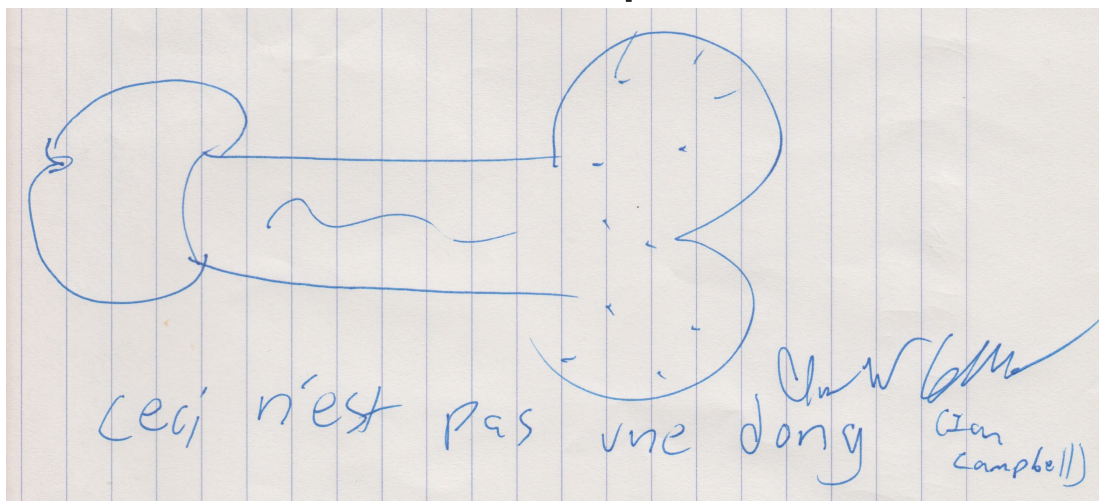
## Fiasco

Evan Silberman, Sky Reid-Mills, Fiona Stewart-Taylor,  
Arielle Soutar, Tatiana Soutar, Jordan Miron



## Ceci N'est Pas Une Dong

Ian Campbell





# Section: Prato

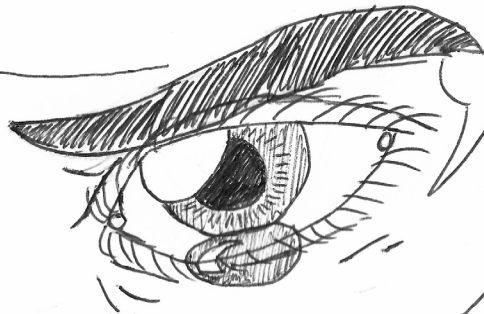
WHAT?! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! THEY FORGOT TO PUBLISH MY SUBMISSIONS IN THE FIRST ISSUE OF THE OMEN!



MY LIFE IS RUINED. AFTER WEEKS OF WAITING, I REMAIN UNPUBLISHED. MY HEART HAS BEEN NUMBED TO A BLOCK OF ICE. ALL I CAN FEEL NOW IS DESPAIR.



THERE'S ONLY ONE THING THAT CAN COMFORT ME NOW ...



... CLASSIC INDIAN LITERATURE.

BOO, RĀMA.  
NOBODY LIKES  
YOU.



THE  
END

Olinia Prato 2011

## *Scared of His Wings*

Olivia Prato

She is a confused, dizzy, beautiful nothing  
Casting a nice, hot, sweet shadow,  
And he wants to love her.  
She wants to fly with him on his back.  
But when he pretends to sleep,  
She can't stop thinking about how  
dark his wings were.

She's a fool I will fail.  
Perhaps she is scared with him on his back.  
Of his wings.

Do you want me—  
A strange boy, made of earth?  
I would fly with you.  
And go to strange mountains.  
I could make a fire,  
Of seeds and earth and sunlight;  
You only have to ask.



## *Watermelon Fries*

Four in a basket, two in the road  
Makes for a sad girl and happier toad  
Two in the bushes, three in the glen  
Makes for a wicked girl eating her pen.  
Wind in the willows, spray on the sea,  
Can't you see how angry you're making me be?  
Ten in the willows, five on the sea,  
She said she would marry me and happy we'd be.  
Elephant husky, whale, mouse brown,  
Upside outside inside down.  
Right side up and to and fro,  
Upsie daisie dosie do.  
Take a summer pie put it away,  
Get ready to jump in on a rainy day.  
Elephant pie is too good to waste,  
So throw it in the trash and eat some toothpaste.  
Watermelon fries are really just fine  
And as good as mint jelly if they know how to rhyme.  
Five bits of sausage just isn't enough  
Three side four side two side bluff.  
Six in the kitchen and three at the door,  
One makes two makes three makes more.  
One in a pie and one in a pan  
Inside out is Mr. Dan.  
Take a falling star  
And stash it away.  
Keep it for an ugly, thundery day.  
Take a little toy  
And give it to her,  
In the chilly winter, he'll cheer her brrs.



## *Sven Has Something to Show Dean in the Basement*

"Hey, Kid. I got something to show you," he called to me.

"I'm kind of busy right now."

"What are you doing?"

"Homework and stuff."

"You can do that later, I want to show you something."

"I have a test tomorrow. I should really study."

"It's cool. You're gonna think it's cool."

"Okay, what is it? I'm really busy."

"Come on down here, I'll show you."

I pushed back from my desk and whipped my pencil at the wall, leaving a black line on the wallpaper. I shuffled down the stairs and stood in front of him, staring right into his bleary eyes.

"So, what is it?"

"It's downstairs, Kid. In the basement. Follow me."

"Okay, is it really that important? Because I'm trying to do stuff."

"You'll like it, I promise."

He gave me a shaky yellow grin, raising his eyebrows.

"You need to shave," I said as he wandered toward the basement door.

"I swear, it's the coolest thing," his husky voice drifted from the next room. I heaved a heavy sigh, just for him to hear, and waited a few seconds, to make him think I wasn't coming.

"You will like it," he sang coquettishly from the living room.

I waded my way through a pile of trash that used to be a dining room, kicking aside a moldy lampshade blocking the doorway.

He was leaning against the doorjamb of the cellar stairs, clutching the woven handle of that stupid basket. He swung up his other arm, offering me a dusty flashlight.

"Your light stick, apprentice."

"Are you drunk?"

"Not really."

"Go drink some water, okay? I don't have time for this." I turned and left him. Then I heard his voice hiss from behind me.

"I'll let you drive the truck, Kid."

"What?"

"I'll let you drive the truck."

"Are you serious?"

"I swear on the basket, man. I swear it."

"You'll let me drive it?"

"Yeah, sure!"

"To school? Everyday?"

"Well, no. But what chooser can be a beggar, right?"

"This better be quick. You show me, I see it, we're done, I can go back upstairs, okay?"

"Yeah, sure, Kid. Anything."

"Okay, good. Give me the damn flashlight."

"All yours, little man, all yours."

He led the way, casting a weak circle of orange light down the stairs with his own flashlight. "Into the cave, Kid. Into the cave."

I rolled my eyes. I would have given him grief about calling me Kid by now, but my mother said it's what he's always called me. And it's what he used to call my Dad.

My hand started to fall on the grimy banister. I jerked it back and wiped it on my jeans. I hesitated, watching him go down the steps. A cough was catching in my throat—I'm allergic to dust.

"Don't you ever clean this place?" I said, holding my arm over my mouth. I couldn't breathe.

"Not really. Don't come down here much. S'why I didn't notice it for so long. Hurry up, would ya? I can't wait till you see!"

"Christ."

I made my way down carefully, setting my feet toe-first on the narrow, splitting planks that were supposed to be stairs.

I got to the bottom and waved the flashlight around a bit. "Where are you?"

"Back here!"

I felt my way through the dark and finally my light fell on the limp green-and-red rooster feather stuck in the band of his Fedora. He was crouching on the ground next to what looked like a big dirty mouse



nest.

“That floor looks disgusting.”

“Know what this is?”

“Yeah, it’s a rat-hole. Get away from it.”

“Naw, not a hole. Not for rats. Come here.”

“I’m allergic to dust.”

“You’ll be fine, come on down here. You can’t see it from up there.”

I crouched down a few inches. He excitedly waved me closer, so I rolled my eyes. “You’re so drunk.” I tossed the flashlight on the ground so it made a crackling sound against the cement and rolled away. I got on all fours, grabbed the stupid flashlight, and crawled toward the rat-hole.

“You have hand-sanitizer, right?”

“Forget that. Point your light at it and come where I am, get a good look.”

I looked; there was something nestled behind the small mountain of leaves and fluff—a little black snake-like animal, sitting in a huge, jagged jade-green eggshell.

My voice went down to a hiss. “What is it?”

“I think it’s a dragon.”

“Yeah, sure it is. It’s probably a mutated bat or something.”

“But bats don’t lay eggs, Kid, do they? Look at the size of that thing! Isn’t it really pretty?”

“Do you think it’s a snake?”

“I think it’s a dragon.”

“Well, it’s probably dangerous. Let’s go upstairs. You should shower, okay? You shower, drink some water, I’ll call Animal Control.”

“But isn’t it amazing, Kid?”

“Yeah, it’s great.”

“Pretty, right?”

“Yes. Beautiful. Really,” I tried not to glance back at the thing. I stood up. “Let’s go upstairs.”

“I’m still trying to figure out how it got in.”

My fingers snagged the cuff of one moth-eaten, pinstripe sleeve, and I led him back toward the staircase.

“Probably like any animal gets in. It dug through the mortar or something. Don’t worry about it.”

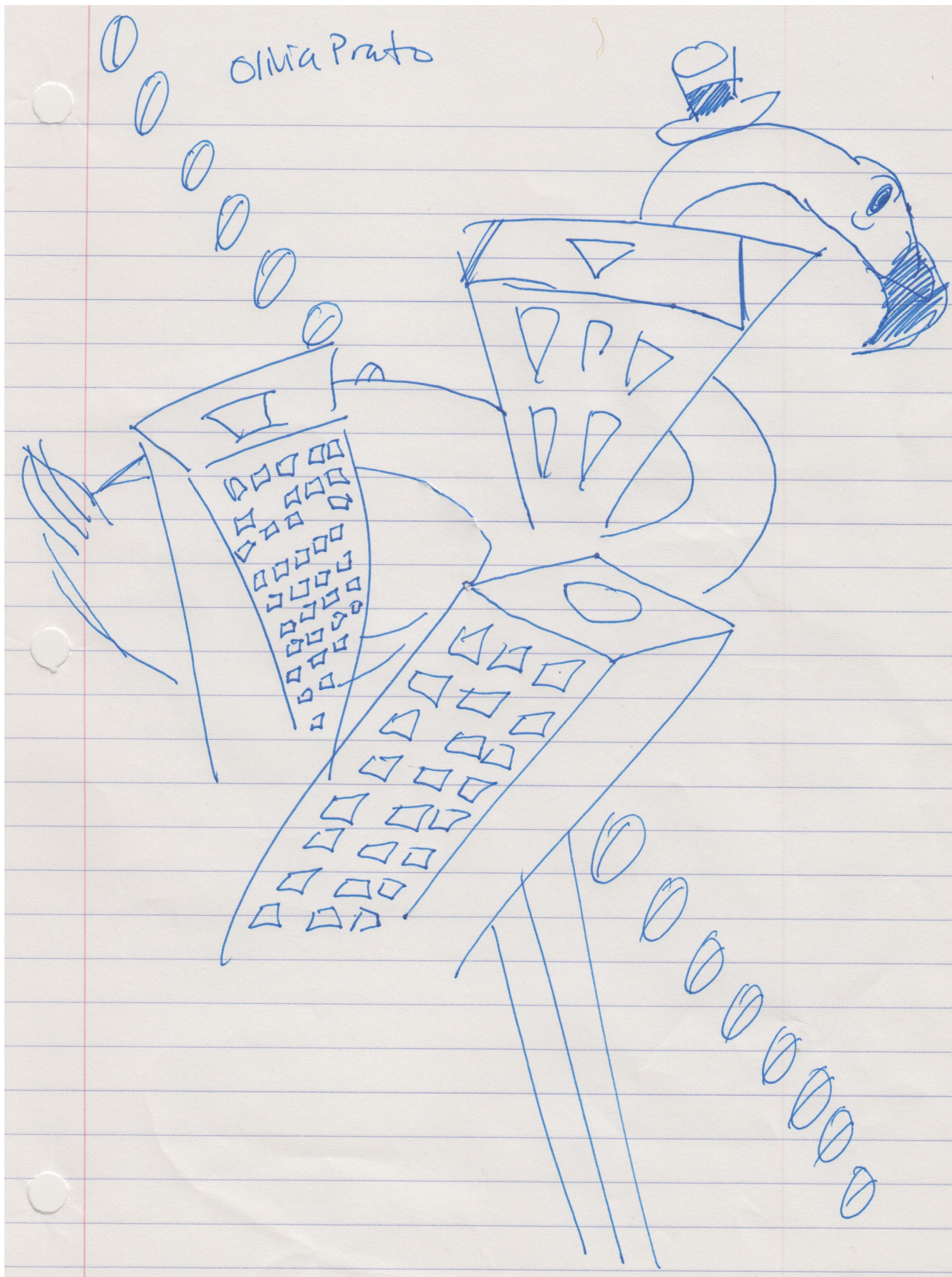
“No, no, no, couldn’t have. It got hatched in here—you saw that egg, didn’t ya? But all I’m wondering is how’d its Mama get in?”

“Here we go, now, up the stairs.”

I hauled him up as he continued to mutter about the snake; I got him a foggy glass of tap water, led him to the bathroom, and he set out to dig for a phonebook.

My hopes weren’t high.

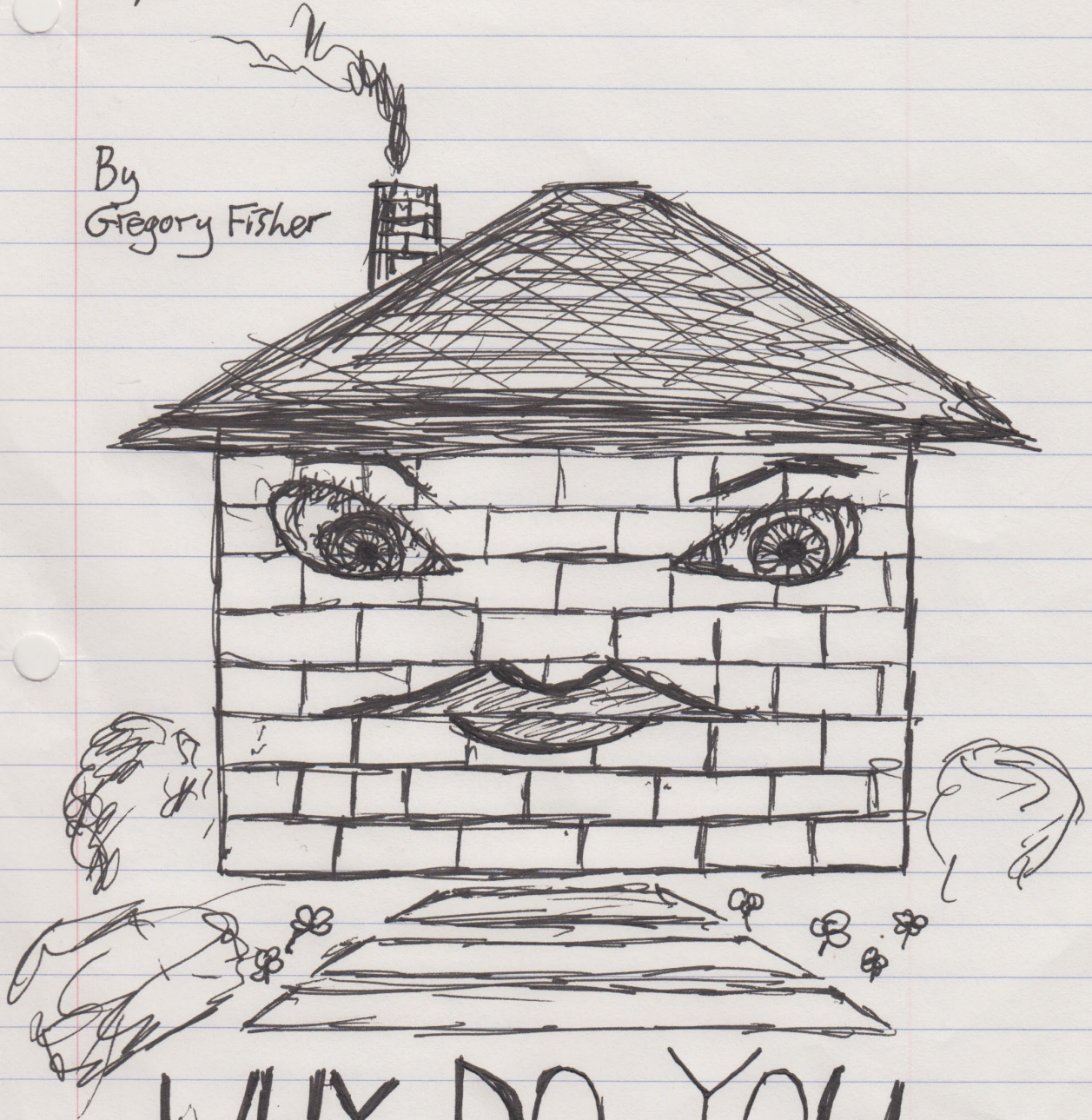






# Section: Hate

By  
Gregory Fisher



WHY DO YOU  
NOT RETURN  
MY LOVE!?





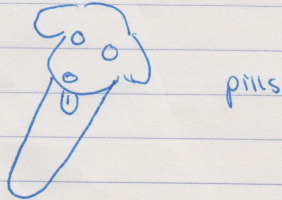
Both by Ben Batchelder

"GIVE US BACK OUR FUCKING LOUNGES  
Sincerely,  
Dakin"

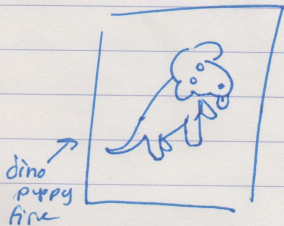


# Section: Lies

things i would be motivated to do  
if they had puppies in them



pills



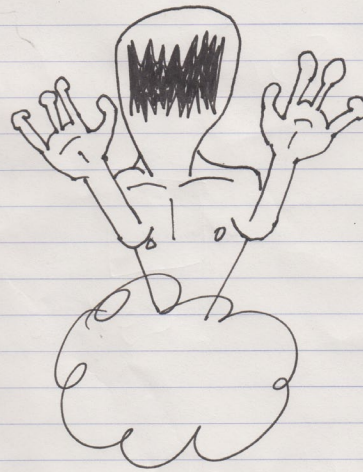
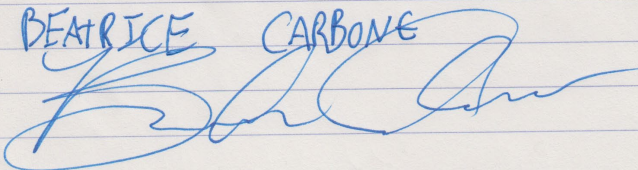
dino  
puppy  
fire

magic  
the gathering

Allison McCarthy

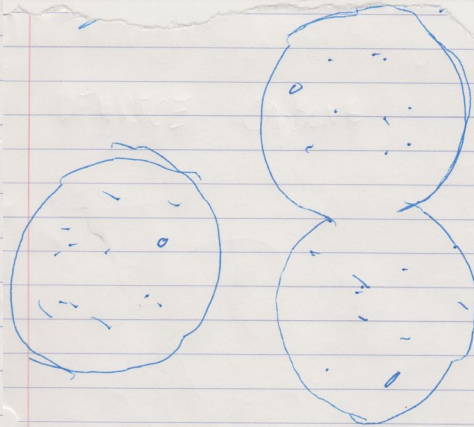
No. Fuck you guys I'm leaving.

BEATRICE CARBONE



Genie

TIM CARROLL (C3)



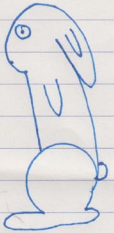
An ode to an orange

- DANIEL HOMER  
DANIEL HOMER

**Hampfest Submissions**  
Collected by Magic Draft



DON'T DO METH



When I was little, my nickname was "Damen," like Damien from the Movie, *The Omen*... because I did evil things. ☺  
-Traci Laichter

pinked flowers  
upright bears dancing  
under  
a giant mosquito lamp  
this ends right after "bat"  
bat.

SAVAN JEWELL

"First I'm elitist  
you can't beat this  
or compete with  
my lyrical swiftness  
your spendthrift list  
of slant-rhyme clearly  
admits this  
so I spit this  
in honor of MCs of old  
using my musical alchemy  
to make some lyrical gold"  
- Erik Olsen

My drill is the drill that will pierce your man.  
- Zach "insert  
cool nickname here"  
Clemente

DRU SANDERS

Byron Filler ~~found~~ I found a bag of  
water in my drawer

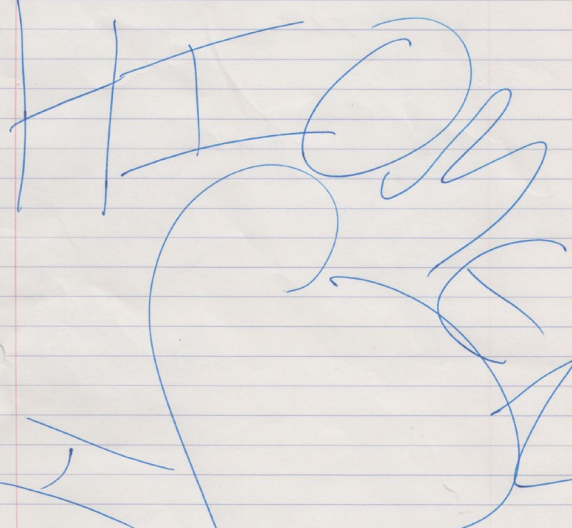
MAX RSENTHAL 975-951-0451 CALL ME

questions: How can I have do other than most,  
or then being not other, if I often don't said  
of other do yes?  
- me  
christian matesanz

Sometimes, i have nice hair.  
-allison mccarthy

Hampshire college is more than a  
black hole. It's a nebula of  
colors too. None of them escape.  
Twirling in the eyes of a girl gone  
slow.  
-BENJAMIN STORER

Fiona Stewart-Taylor



control  
(maybe)

HI THE OMEN,

Will you go out  
with me?

☐ Yes ☐ No

Sky Reid-Mills



